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AMANDA.

A TALE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

(Concluded from our last.)

"MR. FORBES perceived, and commiserated the dejection under which I laboured, and, with all the warmth of disinterested affection, conjured me to make him the sharer of my sorrows.—His voice, his look, and his professions of tenderness would have made an impression on the most callous heart; and, unable to sport with such generous sentiments, I made a frank confession of all my sorrows.

"He heard me with mute but agonized attention, and, throwing himself upon the sofa near which he was standing, for some moments concealed his face within his handkerchief; but, recovering himself within a short time, he exclaimed—'Oh, Amanda!—dear, unfortunate Amanda—teach me to bear thy afflictions with resignation, and my own sorrows will sit lightly on me!'

"There was something in his voice and manner that gave a sudden horror to my heart; yet I fancied his agitation proceeded more from *disappointment* than *sympathy*, and endeavoured to calm him by an assurance of my friendship.—My aunt's partiality had greatly increased, and she seemed determined to

cherish the hope of his becoming her nephew, in spite of the reluctance too perceptible in me. I therefore conjured him to devise some means of reconciling her to the impracticability of the scheme, and besought him to save me from reproof and censure.

'Reproof and censure!' exclaimed my lover, in a tone of deep dejection:—"who shall dare reprove or censure *purity* like *thine*! Yet, art thou pure?—ah! no!—a villain, a base villain, has undone thee!" So saying, he rushed out of the room, leaving me alarmed, terrified, and confounded.

"A few moments recollection convinced me that the disappointment of his wishes had created a sudden disorder in his intellects, and I indulged the hope that a short time would reconcile him to the necessity of his fate, and enable him to bear the mortification with composure. Notwithstanding this idea, my aunt perceived something had occurred to depress and pain me; and as I was under the necessity of ascribing it to some cause, I informed her Mr. Forbes had been suddenly indisposed, and had acted in a manner so phrenzied and alarming, that it had produced an unusual agitation in my feelings.

"A messenger was instantly dispatched to Sir Edward's, with enquiries after the state of his health; when, judge of my astonishment and apprehension at

being informed he had quitted the house in a post-chaise and four, without assigning any reason for his journey.

"The conduct of my husband had not weakened my attachment, and a thousand terrifying ideas rushed instantaneously on my mind. That Alphonso was the object he intended to pursue, scarcely appeared to admit of a doubt; and that the consequence of such a meeting might be fatal, had too much of probability for its support not to create a thousand terrors!—My aunt perceived the conflict in my feelings, and, imagining it proceeded from attachment to her favourite, endeavoured to console me with an assurance of his safety.

"I had been so long accustomed to conceal my sentiments from this excellent woman, who deserved my utmost confidence, that I suffered her to indulge this idea; and, instead of frankly avowing the duplicity of my conduct, increased my guilt by additional deception.

"A fortnight elapsed without intelligence of my lover, during which time my mind was tortured with the most dreadful apprehensions; and my fears had gained so compleat an ascendancy, that the most fatal certainty could not have exceeded them. The wished-for news at length arrived;—and judge of my horror at perusing it—

'TO AMANDA.

'TO wound a heart softened by sensibility, and to agonize a breast composed of tenderness is one of those distressing employments, from which the mind of man must recoil with horror; yet such, Amanda, is the office I undertake. Yes, dearest, best, and most unfortunate of women, the being who sympathizes, venerates, and adores you, is going to agonize that gentle bosom with a tale which harrows up his very soul, and leave him destitute of all—but Pity!

'You must recollect, my adored Amanda the anguish I endured during the recital of your affecting story; tho', probably, at that period you attributed

it to a different cause, and imagined that the hopeless situation of my own passion had reduced me to that state of phrenzy which interested your feelings; but it was for *you*, Amanda, that I suffered; it was *your sorrows* that I found insupportable; and I would willingly have resigned all pretensions to your hand, could I have felt convinced that you were *lawfully* Alphonso's.

'Start not, my beloved, at the bold assertion—but, Alphonso is a *deliberate, abandoned villain*!—who has basely seduced thy innocence and honour; and, under the specious, artful *name of husband*, tarnished that fame a *vestal* might have prized! Abjure him from thy thoughts—banish him from thy remembrance;—for know, Amanda, he was married two years before thy beauty fired his breast. A sad conviction of this truth flashed on my mind as soon as I heard his name; but yet, I hoped the tale was false:—would I had been deceived!

'I have pursued him, Amanda, near four hundred miles:—we have fought, and yet the monster lives! He is wounded, though not dangerously, but is prevented going on board the packet, which is to convey him to Ireland, by a wound which he received under his left arm.—Oh! dearest Amanda, might I hope you would chase his abandoned image from your mind, and occupy it by the remembrance of a man who adores you, then might bliss and joy reanimate this breast—then might I look forward to days of happiness, and nights of soft repose!

'Your marriage with this monster is absolutely invalid, and, fortunately, your friend alone is in the secret. In me you will find a being grateful for that felicity you alone can confer, and eager to anticipate your every wish. Yes, Amanda, we may yet be happy. Your child will find a father—you will secure a friend—and your venerable aunt is anxious to receive me as a relation. But I will plead my passion when I am able to travel: at present I am a close prisoner in my chamber; Alphonso's sword passed through my arm, and the sur-

geon has still some doubt of saving it. But to you, my beloved, I was resolved to write, in spite of the constraint which he has laid upon me. Spare your aunt the knowledge of every thing that relates to this unfortunate affair ;—and, oh ! Amanda, shield thy breast from sorrow !—Yes, most adored of women, consider that the peace of him who lives but in your smiles depends upon your resignation ! Farewell—May guardian angels succour and sustain you !

‘ EDWARD FORBES.’

“ The perusal of this letter, for some moments, deprived me of the power of feeling the extent of my own misery :—but recollection soon returned, and with it such a load of sorrow, as would have crushed a frame less strong than mine ; yet, spite of all the wrongs I had sustained, the false Alphonso still possessed my heart !

“ The tale, I fancied, might be false :—a sudden joy illumed my tortured breast, and I resolved to know at once my doom. A small bribe to the servant in the family induced him to procure me a carriage, which I ordered him to have in waiting at the end of the street ; and sending for the nurse, who had the care of this precious infant, I informed her I wished to have him a few hours to amuse me ; and, the moment she had committed him to my care, I escaped at a back door, and jumped into the carriage, and every moment that detains me from pursuing my journey I consider as a drawback on my peace and happiness.

Fitzowen listened to the interesting tale with a mixture of astonishment, pity, and contempt ; and, whilst his honest heart swelled with indignation against the destroyer of Amanda’s repose, his friendship induced him to dissuade her against pursuing her journey ; and, in the strongest terms, he conjured her to return to that hospitable abode which she had so imprudently forsaken, and by a frank disclosure of Alonzo’s iniquity, deprecate that resentment

which her own duplicity, in all probability, had excited.

“ Ah !—no !” said the agonized Amanda—“ Never—never shall I behold that dear, deceived relation more !—How could I bear to meet those eyes, which used to beam with love and fondness, viewing me with coldness, anger, or with scorn ? How could I meet the censuring voice of her, whose partial praise was wont to charm my ear ? Could I endure the silent scorn of those who once were proud to own me as a friend ? Or could I give a form, no longer pure, to him whose virtues claim a spotless wife ? Alas ! my friend, I feel myself so fallen !—that solitude must now seclude my shame !”

Fitzowen again urged her to return, pointing out the impropriety of her conduct : but though she acknowledged that she had very little doubt of Alonzo’s falsehood, yet she was resolved to hear it from himself, and enjoy the poor satisfaction of upbraiding him with treachery.

The humane Fitzowen, commiserating her situation, and lamenting her fate, generously offered to become her companion ; and the unfortunate girl, cheered by the tender sympathy she had inspired, found her sorrows heightened by being shared.

Whilst Fitzowen was endeavouring to sooth the dejection of his unfortunate guest’s mind, his amiable wife was busily occupied in preparing some refreshment for her body, whilst the lovely babe, who was the source of her distress, lay sweetly slumbering in her arms.

As the surgeon lived at some distance, the servant did not return until it was quite dark ; and the postillion was so much recovered before his arrival, that Fitzowen thought his assistance almost unnecessary, as he had only been stunned by the violence of the blow, and it was thought he would be able to proceed in the morning.

As the hospitable inhabitants of this little cottage occupied their best apartment, they insisted upon resigning it to



Amanda, whilst another was prepared for themselves on the same floor with the servant; and Fitzowen proposed that they should pursue their journey on the following morning at five o'clock.

The perturbed state of Amanda's mind prevented her from enjoying the comfort of repose; and, rising from her uneasy couch at the break of day, she impatiently waited the hour which had previously been destined for her departure. In this anxious state of suspense and expectation, the image of her benefactress presented itself to her mind, in all the anguish of fear and apprehension for the fate of one, whom she had always loved with a fondness equal to that of a parent.

That she should have quitted the roof of her amiable protectress, without even a line to shield her bosom from suspense, or to spare her heart the pang of apprehension, appeared a crime of no less enormity than her having attempted to impose upon her confidence and tenderness. Eager to compensate for such a want of feeling, and desirous to relieve expectation and anxiety, she instantly opened the chamber door, and descended softly to the little room she had supposed in, took possession of an inkstand that she had observed upon the table, and, with a heart throbbing with expectation and contrition, addressed to Mrs. Darnley the following epistle.

"TO MRS. DARNLEY.

"In what strain of humiliation, in what language of regret, shall I presume to address my offended benefactress? Or how shall I be able to convince her mind of the sorrow and contrition which prey upon my own!

"Reared with fondness, cherished with affection, and laden with obligations!—How have I returned such wondrous kindness?—by cool deception, and refined duplicity!—Oh, my friend!—my more than mother!—prostrate on my knees I implore forgiveness—implore you to pardon the child of your affection—and to believe

that, at the moment I resigned my hand to the destroyer of my peace,—even at the sacred altar where I vowed him eternal fidelity—my heart reproached me with ingratitude to her, to whom I owed tenderness, duty, and veneration!

"Think not, my dearest, best of friends, that I mean basely to shield myself from censure, by describing the pains that were taken to wean me from my duty, or the arts which were practised to destroy that high sense of rectitude which your precepts had inspired. I ought to have known, that the man who could instil sentiments of deception into the mind of an artless and attached young woman, would be the first to practise them upon herself. Yes—false, ungrateful Alonzo, too dearly hast thou made her suffer for her credulity!—too deeply hast thou wounded her by thy artifice! Alas! my beloved aunt, my peace is lost for ever! Oh! then, in pity to my suffering, do not, I conjure you, do not say—you hate me!—Give me the only one surviving comfort that remains, and bless me with the sound of pardon!

"The amiable being whom you had destined for my protector, at his return, will tell you my sad tale—tell you how basely I was used, how cruelly deceived—for I, alas! must never see you more! In penitence I mean to pass my days, far from the objects of my former bliss; for never could I bear the glance of Censure, or the tongue of Blame! I go, my friend, to hear my shame pronounced—to hear the faithless object of my partial fondness avow his infamy, and my disgrace, and claim his pity for my helpless child!

"Adieu, my loved, my valued, and only friend. I now see the carriage preparing which is to bear me to the base destroyer of my peace, and every moment is precious. May Heaven, and you, forgive the wretched and forlorn

"AMANDA."

With this penitent espistle the maid servant was dispatched to the neighboring town the moment Fitzowen and his unfortunate companion drove from the

door; and Amanda's heart felt sensibly lightened by this act of duty and attention to her amiable relation.

The travellers pursued their way without any farther interruption, or any material occurrence, until they arrived at the Eagle and Child at Holyhead, when the agitation of Amanda's spirits became so violent, that the humane Fitzowen was absolutely obliged to support her in his arms to a bed, which was immediately prepared for her reception, whilst the infant was placed under the protection of the officious landlady.

Whilst Amanda in vain endeavoured to compose her feelings, and prepare her mind for the dreaded interview, Fitzowen was making enquiries after the state of Alonzo's health, and was informed that he had so far recovered from his wound as to be able to join the society of his friends, though the surgeon had prohibited the use of wine. This restriction, though represented as absolutely necessary, the head-strong Alonzo refused to regard; and, instead of adhering to the regimen prescribed, drank even to intoxication. The wound, which was healing, soon inflamed, and in less than two days he was pronounced past recovery; but at the moment of Amanda's arrival he was supposed only to have a few hours to live.

No sooner had Fitzowen heard this intelligence than he repaired to Amanda's apartment, and in the most cautious terms disclosed the fatal news. Anger and resentment immediately fled from her bosom, and, starting from her couch in an agony of despair, she requested to be instantly conducted to his chamber.

Fitzowen represented the consequences that might result from rushing unprepared into his presence, and entreated her to let him send for the physician, who was at that moment waiting in Alonzo's apartment, for the purpose of requesting him to prepare his patient for so unexpected and interesting an interview.

The agitated Amanda immediately consented, but entreated that no unne-

cessary delay might separate her from the object of her solicitude, during the few hours that remained of life; and her humane companion, anxious to promote her wishes, returned in less than a quarter of an hour, to inform her that Alonzo was prepared to see her.

With fearful steps and palpitating heart the ill-fated girl approached the chamber; but when she beheld the emaciated form of him on whom she doated, both strength and resolution failed, and, uttering a shrill alarming shriek, she sunk into the arms of the physician. Volatile restoratives were successfully applied, and in a few moments her recollection returned; and finding she had been conveyed into another apartment, she insisted upon being permitted to re-enter Alonzo's, promising to support herself with greater firmness.

During her absence the dying man had requested to be moved from the bed to the sofa, conceiving she would not think his end so near, if she saw that he was able to be taken out of bed.—“Is my person terrifying, my Amanda?” said he, in a low, hollow voice, as she re-entered, at the same time stretching out his enfeebled hand.

“O, no!” was all the wretched girl could utter; and throwing herself on her knees by the side of the sofa, she sobbed aloud, with anguish.

“My love, my life, my dearest, injured girl,” sighed out the dying man, “I merit not this sad display of tenderness———Oh, Amanda!—lovely, lost Amanda!———I am a villain!—--a base, deceiving villain!—--and you must hate me!”—

—“Hate you, Alonzo!” exclaimed the ill-fated Amanda———“Alas! too well I love you!”

“I have a wife,” said he——“a poor, forsaken wife!———forlorn and wretched as yourself!———Didst thou know that, Amanda?”——

“Too well I know it———Too well I know, likewise, thou hast a son.”

——“Sins!———more sins!” repeated he, trembling with inward apprehension at the thought———“Oh,

teach him not to curse his father's name! —yet teach him to detest his father's vices! —Oh! Amanda!" continued he, pressing her with fondness to his heart—"thy sufferings are more torturing than death! —Oh! had I never seen that lovely face, then might my crimes have hoped for pardon; but now—ah! now I feel—I am lost for ever!"

The conflict of his feelings here totally overpowered him, and, throwing his head upon the bosom of Amanda, he sighed forth her name, and instantly expired.

I shall silently pass over the melancholy scene that followed, and merely say, that Amanda refused to leave the inn till after the interment of Alonzo's body, when her humane companion reconducted her to his hospitable abode, where she found a letter from the amiable Mrs. Darnley, assuring her of forgiveness, and intreating her to return immediately to her arms, which would always be ready and open to receive her.

This letter was soon followed by a visit from Mr. Forbes, who in vain pleaded the strength of his attachment, for Amanda remained fixed in her former resolution, and would neither accept his hand, nor quit her retirement; telling him, that as her conduct had lost her the esteem of her own heart, she could never expect to be blest with his; and therefore she was resolved to devote her days to penitence.

He that has less than enough for himself, has nothing to spare, and as every man feels only his own necessities, he is apt to think those of others less pressing, and to accuse them of withholding what in truth they cannot give. He that has his foot firm upon dry ground, may pluck another out of the water; but of those that are all afloat, none has any care but for himself.

The eye is not the perceptive power that takes notice of the objects presented to it, any more than the glasses for aiding it furnished by the optician.

## LEGENDS OF LAMPIDOSA.

BY A FEMALE ANCHORET.

### THE PARISIAN.

No one ever saw a summer evening in Provence without pleasure; but a father only can judge of the delight it brings when its mild and beautiful hour is appointed for the arrival of a darling child. The Baron de Salency was seated in such an hour under the light colonnade which fronted his chateau, watching every swell of the superb river before him, and imagining he heard the oars of the boatmen sent to bring his only grand-daughter to her paternal home. "How much delight I expect from Henrielle's society!" he said, as the Baroness leaned on his chair—"this lovely hour has always appeared to me the richest picture of a kind father's old age. Henrielle is young, and has been instructed to love us; we shall easily shape her mind according to our wishes; and now at least, in the second generation of our offspring, we have had experience enough to blend what is best in our contrary opinions."

"Certainly," replied the Baroness, raising herself into a haughtier attitude, "you may find ample scope for your experiments in a child educated we know not where or how! We must atone for the folly of our son's rash marriage, by qualifying his daughter for a splendid entrance into life. Sprightly wit, talents for exhibition, and an imposing demeanour are the stage-effect or decoration of a woman's virtue. Like the trampoline-board our opera-dancers use, none rise high without it." A boat, whose progress had been concealed by the shrubby edges of the river, now touched the landing-place, and a young person in deep mourning approached the colonnade, alone and trembling. The Baron and Baroness met her with a gracious air of encouragement; but the timid stranger only kissed their hands in tears and silence. "Where," said her grandmother, "is the letter promised by our son?"—Henrielle cast down her eyes weeping, and answered, after long ho-



situation, "Ah, madam! all is lost—the letter—the jewels—all that my father gave me as testimonials in my favour were stolen last night.—Urgent inquiries followed this confession, but she could only inform her hearers that she had travelled from Paris under the escort of a notary and a female servant long employed by her father. Both had accompanied her to Arles, where she slept, expecting their attendance till she reached the Chateau de Salency; and both departed during the night with the small ivory box which contained her treasure. The Baron heard this strange narrative without comment; and his wife coldly receding a few steps, took an exact and stern survey of her supposed grand-daughter. But the ominous pause was interrupted by the arrival of a cabriolet, from whence a lovely young woman sprang, and threw herself at the Baroness de Salency's feet.—

"From whom do I receive this gracious homage?" said the Baroness, smiling on her beautiful visitor.—"From your grand-daughter, Henrielle de Salency!--I see my father in your countenance, and my homage here can never be misplaced.—" Then drawing a sealed letter from her bosom, she presented it to the Baron with an exquisite grace which ensured the kindness it solicited. He saw the hand writing of a beloved son, the most powerful testimonial in favour of the bearer, whose features perfectly resembled his. She had the same brilliant jet-black eyes, the same full half-opening lips covered with the richest vermillion, and a smile expressing the very spirit of innocence. The Baron extended his arms to welcome the grand child his heart acknowledged, forgetting at that instant the forlorn stranger he had already received; but his wife, with a sneer which seemed to commend her own superior sagacity, exclaimed—"Do you know this impostor, Mademoiselle de Salency?"—As if that title had belonged to her, the first claimant advanced to speak, looked earnestly at her opponent, and covered her face. The second Henrielle laid her hands on her grandfather,

and, throwing back the rich ringlets which shaded her large bright eyes, whispered, "Do not overwhelm her with reproaches. She is the daughter of an artful woman who nursed me in my childhood, and knew all my mother's family concerns. She left me suddenly on the road from Paris, but not before she had twice attempted to steal this casket, which contains my father's portrait, and documents sufficient, perhaps, to have supported an imposture."—At the sight of this important casket in her rival's hand, the pretended Henrielle gave a cry of agony, and fainted. The Baroness led her acknowledged grand-daughter to another apartment; her husband followed after a short interval, and the remainder of the evening was devoted to inquiries which their Henrielle answered with the promptitude of truth, and the grace of polished saucy. When they had retired to their own apartment, the Baroness inquired if he had consigned the intruder to the correctional police—"No, madam; I have a fitter tribunal I think, in my own heart."—"Can you doubt the baseness of a stratagem so obvious and ill-sustained?"—"I doubt nothing, Baroness, so often as the accuracy of human judgment. If this unhappy stranger has been swayed by the criminal ambition and authority of her mother, let us ascribe the heaviest portion of her crime to her instructor; if she has been the pupil of fraud and avarice, let us try the influence of generous tuition."—"Under my roof!" retorted the Baroness, with a glance of scorn;—her husband answered by leading her towards an exquisite piece of sculpture representing the celebrated Grecian mother recalling her truant child from the edge of a precipice by displaying her bountiful bosom. "This Greek fable, Adelaide is memorable, because it teaches us how to retrieve a wanderer—not by frowns, but by the milk of human kindness. And the Shakspeare of English divines, says truly—"the young tendrils and early blossoms of the mind hardly bear a breath, but when age has hardened them into a stem, they may meet a

storm unbroken.' He spoke of love, but he might have said this of virtue. We will remember it; and, since there are gentle feelings in the supposed impostor, they shall be fostered by kindness. The cloak of fraud is aptest to fall off when the heart is warmed."

"It is torn away already!" interrupted the Baroness. "The letter--the casket--the documents it contained--all or any one of these was sufficient to detect her. And Henrielle's beautiful resemblance to her father—" "We shall see," rejoined M. de Salency, "how far it extends. This incident will acquaint us with her heart; and if it knows how to pity error, it is not capable of many."—The Baroness took refuge in sleep, but her husband remained in uneasy musings on the peril of deciding between the two claimants. His son, the most infallible arbiter, was no longer in France, and many months might elapse before he could answer an appeal even if the chances of war permitted him to receive it. Henry de Salency, the father of Henrielle, had been a husband and a widower unknown to his parents, and had not ventured to recommend his only daughter to their care till his departure on a distant and dangerous expedition had softened the pride of his mother, and left his father desolate. Tender to whatever claimed affinity with this beloved son, the Baron determined that even the soi-disant Henrielle should not be abandoned to poverty and shame. None of his domestics knew with what pretensions she had arrived, and she might be retained among them as an attendant on his acknowledged grand-daughter; an office sufficiently abject to punish her presumption, yet indulgent enough to encourage reformation. In the morning this decree was announced. The offender heard it with a start of surprise, followed by a glow perhaps of gratitude, at a sentence milder than the public dismissal she had probably expected. Henrielle exclaimed, with a pleading smile, "I shall be charmed to retain my foster-mother's daughter near me. She often spoke of her Henriana, and the

Baron will allow me to give you that name, though it resembles mine too nearly."—"Certainly I consent," he answered, "but my plan must be changed to suit it. She shall be retained as your companion, not your soubrette; for no name that resembles my son's ought to be connected with ignominy."

Madame de Salency expressed her opinion of this change by indignant frowns, and in private by severe expostulations.—Her husband only answered drily, "Recollect, we have not yet identified our grand-daughter."—But the Baroness acted as if the identity was beyond dispute, and Paris was soon employed in praising the splendid debut of the heiress. Her wit, her graces, and her accomplishments, were the theme of its highest circles, and certainly vouched for the elegant education she professed to have received from her mother, of whom she often spoke with lavish praise. But Henriana, when questioned respecting her's, only answered, "I never wish to speak of my mother"—She had so many virtues which I never understood till now, so many cares for me that I might have repaid better, my deepest grief is to remember her."

No one appeared to regard what these words implied; and her character, contrasted with Henrielle's, resembled the Provencal rose, whose cold whiteness is scarcely tinged with a blush, compared to the bright scarlet tulip. An impenetrable mauvaise honte covered talents which she really possessed, while an air always easy, confident, and caressing, gave her rival that elegance which is said to be the result of conscious dignity and tranquil happiness. The Baroness, once herself the reigning belle of Paris, determined to raise her new favorite to the same height by splendid and incessant galas. On her birth-day, according to the graceful custom still preserved there, Henrielle presided at a festival designed for its celebration; and flowers, the usual tributes, were brought in beautiful abundance to the pavilion where she sat. A young stranger, pressing through the crowd, placed himself near her. "Your



father," said he, "could not send his favorite flowers to-day, but he charged me to offer this substitute---" and he presented a boquet of jewels arranged to represent a *poppy* and a *lily* interwoven. These symbols, once considered sacred to the deity of marriage, caused a smiling change in the receiver's aspect, while the Baron gravely cast his eyes on the letter brought to him by the giver. But the assembly's attention was diverted by the entrance of an aged and blind woman, supported by her children, who led her towards the queen of the festival. She carried a basket filled with Provencal roses, which she kissed and wept over. "I have nothing more to offer, mademoiselle!" said she; "but these roses are fresh from the tree your good father planted in my garden."---"Ah, Madelon!" exclaimed Henriana, springing towards her---"I have heard him name his kind nurse a thousand times, and that rose-tree was planted on my birth-day!"---"Who are you?" replied the old paysanne---"when he planted it, he did not tell me that he had a daughter:"---"No, Madelon," interposed Henrielle, gently taking the flowers from her basket---"on that day your niece Suzette had rejected her lover Lubin by placing nuts on the table, according to your Provencal custom; and he comforted him by a promise to take him to Paris as his valet."

"It is the very words of my dear young lord!" returned Madelon, clasping her hands in rapture---"but tell me, is poor Suzette yet living?" Henrielle hesitated, as if fearful to give the poor paysanne affliction: and before she could determine how to reply, a dove flew into the pavilion, and alighted on Henriana's shoulder. It had a paper attached to its foot, inscribed, "*To detect a counterfeit.*" Every eye was fixed upon her face, which varied a thousand times from the whiteness of fear and shame to that deep red supposed to announce guilt. But, instead of spurning the innocent bearer of this testimony against her, she allowed it to nestle in her bosom; and, shedding tears, whispered---

"Poor bird!--an enemy has employed thee, but thou hast not forgotten me." Henrielle smiled on her with a gracious air, as if desiring her to confide in her friendship. And collecting the flowers which had been brought as tributes, with an air of badinage apparently contrived to relieve Henriana, she said---"Are there counterfeits among these offerings?---we will submit them, then, to the ordeal both of fire and water." All admired the benevolent attempt to divert attention from the humble culprit, and the grace with which she dipped the flowers into a perfumed vase, and placed them round the edge of a lamp burning on an antique tripod.---But the flowers were all artificial, and the flame, spreading among them, seized the drapery attached to the pavilion, and the conflagration was general in a few instants. The young stranger, whose gallant gift had introduced him to Henrielle, lost not a moment in carrying her out of the reach of danger; but Henriana, inattentive to herself, caught the blind paysanne in her arms, and saved her from the flames which had already fastened on her. "One would think," said the Baroness, with a scornful air, "that this young woman recognized a relative in our old Madelon! and I now remember---her pert niece Suzette followed our son's Gascon valet to Paris. Since Henriana has evidently no claims to nobility, we cannot give her a sifter retreat than her grand-aunt's cottage in Provence."---"She has nobility at heart, at least," replied M. de Salency---"and if it endures the test next prepared for it, I am satisfied."

Without explaining this speech, he descended into the saloon, where the rival claimants were seated; and addressing himself to Henrielle, unfolded the packet brought by the young chevalier Florival. It contained a letter from her father, recommending him to her favour as a suitor highly enriched by nature, though not by fortune, and giving his paternal blessing to their union.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## VARIETY.

### TEETH.

The teeth are the most lovely ornament of the human countenance; their regularity and their whiteness constitute that ornament; these qualities rivet our regards, and add new charms to the beauty of the countenance; therefore too much attention cannot be paid to preserve those valuable members. If the mouth exceeds in size its ordinary proportions, fine teeth serve to disguise this natural error in its conformation, and often even the illusion which results from the perfection of their arrangement is such, that we imagine the mouth would not have looked so well if it had been smaller. Observe that lady smile whose mouth discloses the perfection of their arrangement; you will never think of remarking the extent of the diameter of her mouth, all your attention will be fixed upon the beauty of her teeth, and upon the gracious smile which so generously exposes them.

This ornament is equally attractive in both sexes; it distinguishes the elegant from the slovenly gentleman, and diffuses amiability over the countenance by softening the features; those of the black African cease to frighten the timid beauty when he smilingly shews his teeth sparkling with whiteness. But it is more particularly to women that fine teeth are necessary, since it is her destiny first to gratify our eyes before she touches our soul and captivates and enslaves our heart. The influence which the teeth exercise over beauty justifies the pre-eminence which I attribute to them over all the other attractions of the countenance. Let a woman have fine eyes, a pretty mouth, a handsome nose, a well turned forehead, elegant hair, a charming complexion; but let her also have bad teeth, teeth blackened by caries, and we should cease to think her beautiful.

When nature, sparing of her gifts, shall have failed to bestow them on the teeth, making them defective in form and tarnished in colour, care and extreme cleanliness must be resorted to in

order to supply the imperfections and hide the faults. In this case, at least, if the teeth do not attract our regards, they do not affect us disagreeably

### *The Tears of Sensibility, on entering an Hospital of Incurables at Genoa.*

What an object of meditation to the philosopher and the man of sensibility, is the magnificent hospital of incurables!

What! shall not one of the nine hundred wretches, stretched out, or rather chained, on these beds of sorrow, ever regain his health!

Shall those old men still continue to live, and must these children always suffer!

Can any one traverse the extent and silence of this place of affliction without shuddering! From one end of the hall to the other, I could hear the least motion, and distinguish every sigh.

It is not possible for the eye to view this multitude of incurables under every disorder, of every age and sex, without dropping some tears on these unhappy victims of life.

By the side of those unfortunate beings who have lost their health, you see, in an adjoining hall, the wretches who have lost their reason. Thus do you behold, in the same place, all the unhappy outcasts of the human species.

This hospital is said to be worse regulated than the others; no doubt, because calamity here is perpetual, and pity is inconstant. Pity is too fond of novelty: the human heart is ever mutable.

### SENTIMENTAL COURTSHIP.

The most sentimental courtship of which we have ever heard or read, took place not long since within the circle of our acquaintance. Louisa was the only child of a gentleman, who, blessed with affluence, had spared no pains to improve by a liberal education the graces which nature had lavished upon his daughter. In short, Louisa was an heiress, and like all other heiresses, had a numerous train of suitors.—

"Among the rest young William bow'd,  
"But never talk'd of love,"

He was a young man of inestimable worth and talents, which Louisa was not the last to discover; but he possessed no small share of that diffidence usually attendant on true merit. Their eyes had long confessed a mutual flame before he could muster courage to disclose his passion.—Chance threw in his way a golden opportunity. They were left alone.—After an awkward silence of some minutes, he advanced, took her hand.—“Louisa!”—his voice faltered—“he could not utter another word, but his eloquent countenance spoke the rest. Louisa understood him, and overwhelmed with confusion, stammered out:—“Go, ask my Father.”—So much for love and sentiment.

—+—+—+—  
AN ELEPHANT'S GALLANTRY.

*St. Petersburg, (Rus.) April 2, 1817.*  
—A wooden house has been built for the Elephant's with which the Emperor has been presented by the Shah of Persia: the male is seventeen feet high, and is the same upon which the Persian monarch used to ride under an awning.—Some Persians have remained here to attend these animals. A very curious circumstance occurred a few days since. A lady who often came to see the Elephant, was accustomed to bring him bread, apples, &c. One day the animal, by way of shewing his gratitude, seized the lady with his trunk and put her upon his back, on the place where the driver usually sits. The poor woman, terrified by this unexpected piece of gallantry, shrieked violently, and begged to be taken down; but the Persians assured her that it was far more prudent to remain where she was. She was, therefore, obliged to wait till the Elephant laid hold of her again, and set her down as gently as he had before lifted her up.

—  
It is one sign of a humble mind, if, when offences occur, they incline us rather to fear we may have administered the occasion, than to indulge ourselves in harsh reflections on the offenders.

Retaliation multiplies offences.

An honest Hibernian, whose *bank pocket* (in his own words) *had stopped payment*, was forced to the sad necessity of perambulating the streets of Manchester two nights together, for want of a few pence to pay his lodging, when accidentally hearing a person talk of the *lying-in* hospital, he exclaims, “That’s the place for me, where is it? for by St. Patrick I’ve been *lying out* these two nights.”

—  
To seek a redress of grievances by having recourse to the law, is aptly compared to sheep running for shelter to a bramble bush.

—  
For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

—  
ON FRIENDSHIP.

—  
(Concluded.)

A primary requisite to genuine friendship, is that strict and inviolable integrity, which may afford a basis of confidence unscrupulous and illimited. We can never think of disclosing to that man events most interesting to our happiness, whose character we have any reason to suspect of obliquity or turpitude. It would be like casting to the earth our buckler of defence, and arming an enemy with the weapons of destruction—in the convivial hour he might raise the arm of vengeance, and smite me unto death, or by covert artifice betray my cause, and blast my hopes. So numerous and so important are the interests committed to a friend, that no ordinary circumspection should be exercised before we admit him to our unfettered intercourse. We should have had ample opportunities of marking his conversation and deportment not only in the season of hilarity, but also in the night of affliction. No character can be incontestibly evinced except through the furnace of trial. In its blaze the bewitching drapery of pomp is consumed—all the perishable semblances of virtue are obliterated, and naught remains but pure unadulterated virtue.—This having withstood the tempest of



the flames may be relied on as proof against the most tremendous ordeals, through which it may be destined in futurity to pass. It is not a matter of facility accurately to estimate the dispositions of those, whom a concurrence of external advantages tend to inspire with perpetual elation-- their high estate furnish no occasions to exemplify those qualities of intellect or moral worth, which embellish with beauty or exalt to honour the human nature, and finish the portrait of the Hero, the saint or the sage. It is only when the battle rages, and the thunderbolts of war fly impetuous through the air, that the valor and adroitness of the military leader is displayed;—when laws for the advancement of a nation's weal are to be enacted, that the wisdom of the sage commands reverence; when the cause of justice is borne down by the oppressor, that the graces of the saint shine with a lustre inspiring the veneration of the world.

Unexceptionable integrity, though imperiously indispensable, is not, however, the only requisite to friendship. Multitudes would not elect for their confidential associates, the most illustrious characters of the age---men whom genius, erudition, opulence, rank, virtue, all conspire to seat on the pinnacle of greatness; from these they would turn away with frigidity and gloom. That rectitude of character, which attracts unwavering confidence, though absolutely essential to the durability of friendship, is not capable of inspiring love; a quality to its constitution of no less imperative necessity. Hence it derives its amenity, its solace, its cordial. Through "the changes and the chances" of man's varied and adverse career, it furnishes council from its direction, and fortitude from its support; the pressures of life's reverses it assuages by its sympathy, the felicity of prosperity by its participation it multiplies and augments. In that sacred record in comparison of the importance of whose lessons and the verity of whose instructions, all human themes are but vanity and error, this communion of

spirits is assimilated to those articles, which most signally invigorate the natural system to "precious ointment," and the "dew descending on the mountains of Zion."

To the excitement of this love, a coincidence of opinion, and a similitude of condition, if not necessary ingredients, appear to be of most propitious conducement. A conformity of profession on the subject of religion is of singular value. This subject surmounts in interest every other which can invite the attention or arouse to commotion the immortal mind. The conflicting sectaries maintain their discriminating tenets with a tenacity, which no demonstration of their intrinsic absurdity, or inconformity to the scripture, however lucid to the conception of the unimpassioned and unperverted, can move to the slightest concession, much less recantation. It is not a transitory good, which excites this controversy, and enlists in its advocacy all the energies of nature, the object is the future destiny of man's imperishable spirit. A collision of opinion on this subject would therefore be peculiarly to be deprecated, and unfortunately prone to interrupt domestic harmony.

A striking inequality of condition is unfavorable to tender intimacies, by its tendency to repress that familiarity, without which friendship is soon extinguished. There cannot be a constant reciprocity of favours between companions, so disproportionately endowed with the gifts of fortune, and condescensions which may be vouchsafed, or benefits which may be imparted to raise the level of the inferior, engenders a sense of subjection destructive to independence. That Union may be strong, there should be some measurable equality of circumstances between friends; they should enjoy similar pleasures, encounter similar difficulties. Their interests should coincide, and the greater the number of points on which this coincidence takes place, the more close, endearing and unalterable will be the pleasures of friendship.

B.

## Seat of the Muses.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

### TO ALBERT.

OH, ALBERT, why o'er harp like thine  
Does Sorrow pour her mournful lays?  
Or why with thee should she be seen  
Forever twining mournful bays?

How may a heart so young as thine  
Life's "thousand ills" already know!  
Or how should grief so soon intrude,  
And in such ready numbers flow?

May I not hope 'tis fabled woes;  
(To which reflection brings relief,)  
On which thy fancy loves to pore,  
And revel in romantic grief?

Forbear! "thy talent ne'er was given"  
To shroud in gloom thy better part;  
And know, the rose tho' dead, conceals  
A thorn which pierces to the heart.

Corrupted by its pois'nous touch,  
Dies the best feelings of the soul;  
'Twill teach thee a distrust in heaven,  
And wreck thee on a dang'rous shoal.

But should thy heart be truly sad,  
Thou shalt not always feel the pain,  
For softening time will heal the wound,  
And renovate sweet hope again.

Heaven did not form our souls for woe,  
But gave fair joy, and hope, and faith,  
To cheer us in our wayward path,  
And light us through the vale of death.

Nor ends their blest commission there—  
They but forsake the lifeless clay,  
To guard the disembodied soul  
Safe to the realms of endless day.

Then, ALBERT, let not thus in youth  
A fancied, or a real woe,  
Intrude too much upon thy peace,  
Or cause such mournful strains to flow.

Believe me, life hath many a flower,  
Which Friendship o'er thy path shall  
strew,

And thou shalt know a calm content,  
Descending soft as Hermon's dew.

ELLA.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

### TO M. A. W.

Oh tell me why so long in silence slumbers  
The harp that erst could yield the sweetest  
numbers:

Whose notes when waked in sorrow's cause  
have held

My soul enrapt, and oft the tear impelled;  
And which, when swelling joy's enlivening  
measure,

All gloom could chase, and fill my breast  
with pleasure.

Would that a loftier lyre than mine was  
strung,

Would that one versed in poesy had sung;  
To yield the meed of praise to genius due,  
To weave dear poesy's sweetest wreath for  
you.

For mine's a rude and inharmonious lyre,  
And I'm unus'd to touch the thrilling wire,  
Yet let me not invoke the muse in vain,  
But, Lady, sweep, O sweep thy lyre again.  
O break the spell that long hath held it  
bound,

And once more greet us with its welcome  
sound. JOCELIN.

—O—

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

### SONNET.

When storm-fraught vapours shroud hea-  
ven's ample dome,

And loud and long the deep-voic'd thun-  
der roars,

The lordly eagle spurns his airy home,  
And o'er the cliff that props the sky he  
soars.

No chilling fears arrest his vent'rous flight,  
Though the dread scene air's feeble le-  
gions shun;

Alone he braves Destruction's giant might,  
While shudd'ring nature trembles on her  
throne.

Thus while the storms of fate tremend'ous  
roll,

And threaten ruin in their vengeful course  
On seraph's wings the heaven-inspired soul  
Triumphant rises o'er their feeble force,  
While Faith and Hope their brightest beams  
prepare,

To chase afar the demons of despair.

ADRIAN.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

IMPROMPTU ON "LALLA ROOKH,"

DEDICATED TO

THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

MOORE ! thy exquisite fancy leads the heart  
A willing captive to thy matchless skill ;  
The magic of thy harp can here impart  
Raptures to all—it bends the stubborn will  
To pleasure's sweetest dreams—its pleasing  
thrill

Excites soft tumults in thy vot'ries' breast :  
Strike then its loudest witching tones, until  
In mad delirium lost, its peaceful zest  
Unnerves our strongest passions, and yields  
them all to rest.

In thy " Veiled Prophet," vile MOKANNA'S  
rage,

In contrast viewed with virtuous AZIM'S  
zeal,

To the charm'd reader is a sure presage,  
That Patriots lab'ring for the public weal  
With firm intent, can e'en make tyrants feel.

And HAFID too—Adorer of the Sun !  
Who fired with joy his country's woes to  
heal,

Inspires his HINDA, that loved only ONE,  
To cheer him in his last retreat, the last that  
Liberty shone on.

Then Moore ! proceed with ardor cheering  
To wield the pen in Virtue's cause,  
Fanatic Faith soon disappearing  
Will yield thee ev'ry heart's applause.

To wreath with flow'rets ever blooming  
The Minstrel lute is thine alone,  
The PATRIOT POET ! unassuming—  
Thy Country's darling ! Child of Song !

S.

—o—

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

The word FAREWELL.

THERE is a word—one word alone—  
(And on my ear it stole)  
Whose sound can turn the heart to stone,  
And paralyse the soul :  
Yea, it can chill the warmest stream  
That glides through youthful veins :  
Can render life a wakeless dream,  
And bind the tongue in chains.

Its startling name thou couldst not bear,  
Nor tremble at the sound ;  
Thy youthful heart would sink with fear,  
Thy knees would kiss the ground :  
Then ask me not, my faithful friend,  
Its fearful name to tell,  
For O it is the echo dread  
Of sever'd Friendship's knell.

ALBERT.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1817.

Intelligence.

A great parade took place at St. Petersburg on the 2d July, on account of the arrival of a Princess from Prussia, who was to be married to the brother of the Emperor Alexander. She was escorted into the city of St. Petersburg by 40,000 soldiers. The most signal marks of respect were shown her.—The Gordian knot, however, could not be tied until she had renounced her religious opinions, which was performed with great solemnity on the 7th July. On this occasion she fainted twice in going through the ceremony. She is said to be about 17 years of age, and rather pretty. On the 13th the nuptials were celebrated, and the whole city was illuminated for three nights in succession. The new couple are said to be very fond of each other.—*Bost. paper.*

*Leghorn, Aug. 9.—Natural Phenomena.*—On the 24th of the last month, about mid-day, after a very loud detonation, the Lake of Canterno, also called Porciano, totally disappeared. A large opening was discovered in the bottom through which the waters have probably escaped into the sinuosities of the neighbouring mountains.

*St. Petersburg, July 30.*—The ground of a village, distant twenty-two versts from Abo, has sunk suddenly to the depth of many fathoms, and twelve peasants houses have been buried in a manner that no trace remains of their former position. A similar event hap-



pened at the same place in the year 1755 and 1788. Among other unknown causes of this phenomenon, it is attributed to the situation, of the village upon a swampy soil, and to a river which flows beside it. It is not stated whether any lives were lost.

A letter from St. Helena, dated in June last, says, "Madame Bertrand continues the same gay creature as ever. She was brought to bed a few days ago. Bonaparte paid her a lying-in-visit. She took her child in her arms, and presented it to the Ex-Emperor, saying, "Sire, I have the pleasure of shewing you a great curiosity—in a word, an unique—the first stranger that ever was allowed to approach your Majesty in this island, without permission from the Governor, or an order from the Secretary of State." Boney was quite pleased at the bon mot, and laughed heartily.

*Romantic Death.*—A few days since, a young man and a girl were found hanging on the same tree, in the wood of Vessinet, France. The former was named Honore Noel, aged 25, and the latter Victoria Heriot, aged 19. It appeared they loved, and were equally desirous of intermarrying; but their parents obstinately opposed the union. The Mayor of Chalot received a letter from this unhappy couple, signed by both, intimating, that in consequence of the above, they were determined to die together.—*French paper.*

#### GRAVEL COMPLAINTS.

It may be desirable to notice to sufferers from calculi, that a decoction of raw coffee, which acts as a powerful solvent, is a remedy for these complaints. Boil 36 raw Coffee berries for one hour in a quart of soft, spring, or river water, then bruise the berries and boil them again another hour in the same water: add thereto a quarter of a tea-spoonful of the dulcified spirit of nitre, and take daily a half pint cup of it at any hour that is convenient; its efficacy will be experienced after taking it two months.—*Lon. Mag.*

#### EDITORIAL NOTICE.

Desirous of giving every satisfaction to the patrons of the Museum no pains or expense have been spared to render the most complete satisfaction,—which the great quantity of interesting and valuable matter given, will amply testify.—It is therefore hoped, as the present volume will be closed next week, that all in arrears for the paper, especially those who have been repeatedly called on, will be so good as to settle their accounts, either by calling at the office, or with the person who is authorized to collect the same. To those who have paid in advance, and those who have been punctual, we tender our best thanks and best wishes.

#### MARRIED,

By the rev. Mr. M'Clay, Mr. Joseph Flowers, of Bath, England, to Miss Hannah P. Garson, of this city.

By the rev. J. X. Clark, Mr. James M'Donald, to Miss Mary M'Kinley.

By the rev. Mr. Halsey, Mr. Barrett Ames, of Augusta, Georgia, to Miss Mary C. Craig, eldest daughter of Hector Craig, esq. of Craigville, Blooming-grove.

By the rev. Mr. Mathews, Mr. Francis Olmsted, to Miss Maria A. Wyckoff, daughter of Henry I Wyckoff, esq.

The City Inspector reports the death of 51 persons, in this city, during the week ending the 11th instant

#### DIED,

Mr Simon Stebbins.

Dr. Henry W. Newton, aged 50.

Andrew Fogerty, aged 46

Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, aged 45.

Lieutenant Thomas V. Earl, of the U. S. corps of artillery, aged 29.

Of a lingering illness, Miss Jane Lagear.

Mrs. Mary Betts, wife of George Betts, aged 29.

Mrs. Sarah White, wife of Eben. I. White, aged 37.

Mrs. Ann S. Pitkin, wife of William Pitkin, aged 47.

Mrs. Ninetta Van Buskirk, wife of Abraham Van Buskirk.

Mr. Henry Johnston, aged 50.

Mr. Samuel Owens, aged 49.

Christopher Van Allen, killed in a quarrel with George Stanton. Verdict of the inquest, manslaughter against Stanton.

At Princeton, (N J.) Mrs. Abigail Pintard, aged 79, relict of capt. Samuel Pintard, formerly of New-Rochelle.

## SPARTA.

"The whole site of Lacedemon is uncultivated—the sun parches it in silence, and is incessantly consuming the marble of the tomb. When I beheld this desert, not a plant adorned the ruins, not a bird not an insect, not a creature enlivened them, save millions of lizards which crawled without noise up and down the side of the scorching walls.—A dozen half wild horses were feeding here and there upon the withered grass; a shepherd was cultivating a few water-melons in a corner of the theatre; and, at Magoula, which gives its dismal name to Lacedemon, I observed a small grove of cypresses. But this Magoula, formerly a considerable Turkish village, has also perished in this scene of desolation; its buildings are overthrown, and the index of its ruin is itself but a ruin."

*Chateaubriand.*

## THE SEA LION.

This singular animal frequents the rocky shore of St. Helena, as well as those of the Pacific Ocean—and is sometimes called the Sea Cow. This creature (says Lord Anson) comes on shore to disencumber itself of its fat, or blubber, which it does by cutting its skin against the rocks, from whence issues a great quantity of oil; and after it has rid itself of its burden, it retires to the sea again. It will lay four, five, or more days on shore, if not disturbed, but on the least disturbance makes towards the sea: it has a large head and neck, like that of a bull, with large teeth and whiskers, rather resembling horn than hair; (the common people affirm, that wearing these, ring fashion, is a specific against the cramp). In smelling, it moves its nose like a dog: it has two short paws, or feet, not much unlike those of a dog, extremely strong, and the claws are also not much different; the tail part is divided into a kind of fin, to assist it in swimming. The eyelids of this creature are very remarkable: the undermost is a thin, transparent skin, which falls down over the eye, while

the eye itself remains entirely open, this, I imagine, nature has provided for the security of the creature's eye, while under water, as it can certainly see through it: when it sleeps on shore, both the eyelids of each eye are shut. The method of taking it, is by shooting it near the eye, or with a hatchet to split its head open; for, if you fire twenty or more balls at its body, they will take little or no effect, on account of the thickness of its fat."

## A CURIOUS FACT.

West Chester is handsomely situated on a hill dividing two streams of water; and so nicely is the court house fixed upon the highest point, that the rain falling upon the S. roof runs into the Chester creek; that which falls on the North roof passes into the Brandywine. The creeks empty into the Delaware many miles apart.

This is a little like different denominations of Christians. They start together, but owing to some bias they are borne, different ways, get far asunder, and seem from their courses never to meet. But they finally unite in the streams of death, where they lose their names, and mingle with the great ocean of eternity.

So, too, of political parties. They set out from the same spot; but as they happen to fall upon the right or the wrong side of the temple of justice, incline to federalism or democracy. Off they go, sometimes running rapidly, and roaring with all the rage of the Brandywine in a feshet. At such times they are always muddy. At other times, when no election is approaching, they glide clearly and placidly along; but finally, all the good unite in the great stream of their country's prosperity.—*Chester and Delaware Federlist.*

## THE MUSEUM

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